

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Kill The Conjecture"

*[Canibus]*

Yeah, let's go... yo

Aiyyo I put it to you so raw, you probably OD on the floor

That's what you get for disagreein with God

The LeBron James Bond, my aim with the arm is so long

that I can tag along with SOCOM

I spit to the beat, flip like Swizz did to the Beat

At sunrise, I spit to the East

Niggaz talk shit in the streets, when they 'bout to get released

They ain't got no lip for the beast

Make you strip like police, I point the heat

From the hip to get leverage if you more than four deep

Got a pistol grip hawk with a chrome beat, shit is so deep

I check to make sure it's no leaks

Lookin like Jada in a black Jig-ari

Half Jag, half Ferrari, the valet saw me

Shorty wanna know how the flesh work, what's under my sweatshirt

That's why I hit the gym 'til my chest hurt

Next year or summer I'ma kill the conjecture

For now I'm just a hustler tryin to give you my best work